Quee. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time; ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon
Let me be no assistant for a State
But keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will trie it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you both away. *Exit King and Queene.*
Ile boord him presently, oh giue me leaue,
How does my good Lord *Hamlet?*

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you know me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I sir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand,

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceiue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet he knew me not at first, a said I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone, and truly in my youth, I suffered much extremity for loue, very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord.

Ham. Slanders sir; for the Satericall Rogue saies here, that old men haue grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eies purging thick Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they haue a

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22278) LONDON, [c. 1625] THE BODLEIAN